

OFFICE—HEINZE BUILDING, CLINTON STREET

GEORGE WARREN, Editor.

Price of Subscription, \$2

COUNSEL.

If thou dost bid thy girl farewell,
But for one kiss, though that farewell may be,
Present her with a palm, now, when she's thine.
How far from thee!

Fate or caprice may lead her feet,
Eric, next year, to girls who have been known
Before thy palm, to love thy street.
And days have grown.

To months, and months to lagging years,
Before thy palm, we have no office,
But to explain.

Therefore, lest sundry whims should come before,
Or some new master—clasp with pressure true
The waist of who's gone forth, and fled
And left us.

Yes, thou hast always time to chin
Some time between the smile and smirk,
Or, thou canst the present, and get in—
Get in thy work.

—States Standard.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY.

BY HELEN FOREST-FRAZER.

"To let?" said the agent. "Ready furnished? For a month? Really, ladies, I'm very much afraid I haven't any property in the houses—not at present, at least—that will meet your expectations. I've plenty of unfurnished houses, and plenty to rent for a month. But for this month? There isn't any such real estate in the market—theirs isn't indeed."

"We don't want unfurnished houses," said Angela.

"And we have no intention to use a house for a year," added Josephine, her tall, blooming young sister.

The agent bit the end of his quill-pen, and looked at them dubiously, from behind his spectacles.

"We are school-teachers," said Angela, "and we have just a month's vacation; and we want to spend it in a healthful country resort, where I can bathe, and where my sister, can sit and write, and where my brother can smoke."

"Ah!" said the agent, "ah! Indeed, I'm very sorry, ladies, but I don't think there's any property in the market hereabouts that will meet your ideas."

"What time does the evening stage leave for hotel?" Josephine asked rather despondently.

"At five, I believe," the agent replied.

And the two ladies went slowly out of the stuffy little room with its high desk, its floor covered with cheap oil-cloth, and its general atmosphere of stale tobacco-smoke.

"I'm so sorry," said Angel, "the young is the very thing for you."

"And the little river in the town goes such an exquisite study for your paintings," Jo, we live in a barn?" suggested Jo, with a comical arch of her eyebrows.

"I'm afraid not," sighed Angela.

The real estate agent in the meanwhile, had hardly smoked a pipe and read the local paper before the door burst open, and a short, stout lady, in a pink hat and feathered comb, entered.

"Mr. Muggridge," said she, "I have a key. You may let Ivy Glen, if you may sell it—ready-furnished, with a cow, a poultry-house and the pony-chaise thrown in."

"Madam!" said Mr. Muggridge, beaming.

"I'm tired of it," said the lady. "Sister and Jessie are homesick to get back to the city, and so am I. I've been without a servant since Monday, and now I'm going to take the evening stage to town, and meet my husband before he starts for Ivy Glen. I have a hard time, but I can't help it. And we left word at the Dairy farm-house for her."

"You couldn't let it for a month?" experimentally hazarded Mr. Muggridge.

"I'd let it for three days," said the lady.

"I could find you tenants for a month," said the agent. "And, perhaps, at the end of that time, something else might come."

"Very well," said the lady. "There is the key."

And away she went; and Mr. Muggridge clapped his hat on the back of his head and set off, in hot haste, to the hotel, for an interview with the two young ladies, who had so recently left his office.

And so it happened that Ivy Glen took triumphant possession of Ivy Glen—a romantic cottage, half covered with the dark green, glossy leaves of the vine from which it derived its name, with a low, thatched roof, and all the picturesqueness of a rural home, and a few autumn leaves, and a library of novels.

"Mrs. Fitch must have been a very literary person," said Jo.

"And musical," added Angel.

"As for a servant, one wouldn't be a nuisance," said Jo.

"I'll grow old to myself," said Angel, "but I'm too big for a Newfoundlander—the leading."

"And I'll milk the cow and feed the dear little chickens," declared pretty little Jo.

"I could find an earthly paradise," said the other.

The two sisters passed three days of unmitigated happiness in the deep ravines and cool, flower-enamed woods that surrounded Ivy Glen.

Angela made various valuable additions to the old furniture, and Joesie added a few choice pieces, and the sunset effects to her heart's content, until finally a good, old-fashioned rain-storm set in, on a July afternoon, and imprisonment in the cottage parlour.

"How hot it is," said Jo, "and the sun brooked darkness, and darter in the room. "Let's go down to the barn, and talk to Dick and Frizelle. Poor deer, they must be as lonesome as we are."

"Now Dick is the pony, and Frizelle is the cow," said Angel. "And Angel and I are to be the milkmaids, and Angel and I are to be the milkmaids."

It was quite dusk, when Marmaduke Framingham opened the hall-door and strode in, shaking the rain-drops from his shoulders as if he had been a huge Newfoundland dog, and flinging his fishing-net and tackle on the table.

"Look," he called all over the house, in a clear, strong voice, "look at me."

But, as might be expected, no answer was returned, and he went in to a certain pretty little circular-walled room, where he had been wont to keep his shipper, gun-case, and sundry other mastodon appendages, when sojourning with his sister, Mrs. Fitch, at Ivy Glen.

"I was quiet here, and nothing, under his breath; 'tis an enchanted castle, where is Lou?—where are the children?"

But he paused on the threshold. Even by the waning twilight, he could perceive that a general transformation had taken place.

A pretty case stood near the window, the tall standards of the old-fashioned dressing-bureau were knotted with blue

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HOMOSYLLABLE POEM.

Think not that strength lies in the big, round word,
Or that the brief and plain name has the weak.
The world is full of men who have heard.
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
With want, or woe, or fear, or pain,
So that the world is full out like a shirk.
Pressed from the sore heart, or stamp, wild note
Sang the old man, and his strength
While lies it stretched too far or span too fine
Which lies it more height than breadth, more depth
Light, and not heat—a dash without a blaze.
Nor is there more strength that the short word boasts
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell—
The world is full of men who have heard.
The roar of tall trees when the wild winds blow,
The roar of guns, the groans of men die
The world is full of men who have heard
For them that far-off on their sick beds lie,
For them that weep, for them that mourn.
For them that laugh, and dance, and clasp the hand;
The world is full of men who have heard.
The sweet, plain words we learn at first keep time,
And though the tongue we say or go to, or chime,
With each other, then there's room for rhyme,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

A Ludicrous Eloquence.

It's hard for a "country jake" to convey to the State Jane that the situation will find that she is lodger in his heart. The attitudes and awkward combinations of personal presentation are painful to an outsider, to say nothing of what he suffers. See him cross his legs, first one, then the other, and then the other, and then his hands in his pockets; then he draws in his feet, then turns them under the chair, pulls his hands out of his pockets and drops them by his side, stretches, yawns, blinks, and almost dies trying to do it. Poor fellow, it is natural for a male to last longer. When he gets "got his mouth off," it's like a canteen off to paradise with a happy-go-lucky indifference that is enviable, barring an obstruction on the track, and the rest on his head he tumbles, when cruel parents intervene and refuse to ratify.

A ludicrous case of this sort of agony occurred near the place of my nativity about twenty-five years ago, when I had made the heroic career mentioned. His name was Joe, and his girl, Martha Jane, to whom he had surrendered his entire heart, stock lock and barrel—without reservation of any kind, which she gave right and true, by adding her entire stock in trade to the relationship proposed. But the old folks demurred—refused to ratify—threatened a war of extermination—banished Joe, and I never shall until I see Sundays come together.

You cannot get white flour out of a coal sack, nor paint out of human paint, nor who looks for it, has the right to look for sugar in the sun.

The old saying is "Lifeless, faultless." Of dead men we should say nothing but good; but as for the living, they are all tarred more or less with a black brush, and half an eye can see it.

Every heart has its lees. All men's

faults are not written on their foreheads and it is quite as well they are not, as that would need wide rims; yet as sure as there is a sun in it, and every heart has its black drop.

Every rose has its prickles, and every day it's night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Not even the moon has full enough to stand still at Vandyke.

I could see the fool's cap, I have nevertheless heard the bells jingle. As there is no sunshine without some shadows, so all human good is mixed up with more or less evil; even poor law guardians have their little failings, and parish bands are not wholly of a heavenly nature.

The best wine has its lees. All men's faults are not written on their foreheads and it is quite as well they are not, as that would need wide rims; yet as sure as there is a sun in it, and every heart has its black drop.

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faults are not written on their foreheads and it is quite as well they are not, as that would need wide rims; yet as sure as there is a sun in it, and every heart has its black drop.

Every rose has its prickles, and every day it's night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened with clouds. Not even the moon has full enough to stand still at Vandyke.

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THE HICKMAN COURIER.

FRIDAY, :: :: APRIL 22, 1881.

Local Items.

Short communications on public questions printed—but not responsible for sentiments or expressions of correspondence—except where we refuse to give name of author.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

HICKMAN, Ky., April 18, 1881.
Council met. Pres., Frank M. Tyler.
Councilmen Campbell, Faris, and Randle.
The minutes of the last meeting were read, approved and signed.

REPORT OF SETTLEMENT.

The Chairman of the Finance Committee presented a report of a settlement, full, with C. E. Hackett, late wharfmaster, and city marshal.

On motion, said report was received, approved, and ordered filed.

HEALTH OFFICER APPOINTED.

Major Tyler appointed J. O. Barnes, health officer, to succeed Hackett, removed.

FOR THE LEGISLATURE.
We are authorized to announce C. M. VAUGHN as a candidate for re-election to represent the counties of Fulton and Hickman in the Lower House of the next Kentucky Legislature.

Read the Commissioner's Sales published in this issue.

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Wild turkeys are said to be very plentiful on the ridges above and below town, having been driven thence by the high water.

Since the dog law went into effect, a good many worthless curs have been killed, thus ridding the community of a long-felt nuisance.

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE.—We have on hand several hundred papers, suitable for wrapping paper, which we will sell at \$1.00 per ream.

ICE CREAM.—Will be prepared to furnish Ice Cream next Sunday, in large and small quantities, at a reasonable price. LOUIS KAYSER.

The watchman on the steamer St. Genevieve, just before landing at Hickman, Wednesday morning, dropped dead. He had been in bad health a long time. His remains were buried here.

Squirrels are said to be more plentiful this season than for years past, and, judging from the number we see being brought in, daily, by hunters, one would suppose the woods alive with them.

Warning to All!

Clean up! Clean up! and furnish your house with new furniture, which can be bought dirt cheap, at KISTNER & GARDNER'S.

On Monday night last, quite a number of our young people assembled at Mrs. Schaefer's, and, after gliding about to dull care, were, until the wee small hours, lost amid the intoxicating joys of the dance.

Father Anastasius delivered a very interesting lecture on "The Resurrection of Christ," at the Catholic Church, Sunday night. On Sunday night we will lecture again on a very interesting subject.

All the outdoor mechanics have been badly treated by the weather, and it is to be hoped that from this time on they will fare better. Several good buildings are projected, and we would like to see the spirit of improvement turned loose in every part of the city.

One of our exchanges remarks: It takes money to run a newspaper as well as any other business; no paper will succeed financially that carries a dead-head system. Any mention of people's affairs that they are anxious to see in print is worth paying for, and when judiciously done is worth as much as any other investment of the same amount.

RIVER NEWS.—The Mississippi at this point has reached its highest stage this week. A larger portion of all the bottom farm lands is completely submerged, and farm operations, of course, completely stopped. The news from above is that all the upper rivers are falling, except the Missouri, which is on a feverish flood. The snows are melting rapidly. It is impossible for any to know what the river is going to do the next few weeks. It must fall here for several days, but it is probable another rise may come on this water the coming week, and so on, until in May.

ADMITTED TO BE THE FINEST Pictures They Ever Saw.—Mr. Jas. E. Hensley, artist of New Madrid, Mo., writes to Mr. H. S. Campbell: "I showed your pictures in all the principal galleries in St. Louis, and they, one and all, said that they were the finest plate work they ever saw." This is the testimony of the best judges in the United States, and it is the popular opinion of all those in this section who have examined Mr. Campbell's pictures. As you read this, think the importance of preserving the pictures of your loved ones, and remember to call at Campbell's gallery.

HICKMAN BUSINESS AND MARKETS.—Business in Hickman this week has been limited, some days the dry goods men doing very well. There is no great life in any department.

CORN.—The receipts of corn held nearly to former averages, though it is all coming to this point by boat and transferred to railroad. Hickman buyers are paying 45¢. New Orleans, white, \$24.00. Atlanta, 75¢.

CORN.—Hickman quotations unchanged. New Orleans, middling, 10¢; low middling 9¢; ordinary, S. C. St. Louis, middling, 10¢.

There is no other produce being marketed at Hickman, and hence no necessity for making quotations.

SEEDS.—Field seeds have advanced at upper river markets, but Hickman merchants authorize the following quotations: Clover, red, \$3.75; \$6.00. Timothy, choice, \$3.50; prime, \$3.25. Red Top, 75¢ to 80¢. Seed Oats, black and white, 55¢/doz.

POLECATS.—Early Rose, \$1.50. Peach Blow, \$1.00. Peerless, \$1.00.

COURIER QUERY BOX.

The Crop of Colonels.
Charleston News and Courier.
Questions or answers solicited from any reader of the COURIER, and particularly from pupils of Fulton County schools. When a question cannot be readily answered, it will be printed excepting in order to answer it. No religious or political argument, or personal invective, admitted.

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HICKMAN, KENTUCKY.

Office—Hicks Building, Clinton Street.
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FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1881

PRESIDENT GARFIELD and Gen. Hancock are each announced to visit the Nashville Exposition in May.

The Senate "dead-lock" still prevails, with no prospect of a "break," except an extra session of Congress.

Gov. BLACKBURN thinks the next race for Governor will be between Hon. A. R. Boone, Lt. Gov. Cantrell, and Hon. Thos. L. Jones. Hurrah for Boone!

UNDER a new law in Wisconsin any person asking another to drink liquor at his expense, or any person consenting to drink it at another's expense, shall be liable to arrest and imprisonment.

The general report of the growing wheat in Kentucky does not promise more than half a crop; but it is early to make predictions. Favorable weather from this on may bring the crop out beyond expectations.

It may be fairly assumed the wheat yield for 1881, will be smaller than last year. In this and adjoining States, the acreage sown has been much less, while in the Northwest it has been 4 per cent. larger, but damaged by the winter. Fair prices ought to prevail.

TENNESSEE has a law forbidding the office of every sheriff who permits a prisoner to be taken from his custody. This is intended to put a stop to lynching and is based on the belief that mobs, being almost always cowardly, can be effectively opposed if the Sheriffs have the desire to do it.

There are ten cities in the United States each with a population of over 200,000. Eight of these cities have Democratic Mayors. The fact is significant. The centers of trade, intelligence, of the arts, of great enterprises, instinctively seek the broad, liberal and economic rule inculcated by Democratic principles.

This spring the reports from all sections of the United States indicate a vastly increased affliction in the shape of stomach and lung diseases. In the far West, as well as the far South, once thought to furnish a specific for such ailments, new cases are daily and old ones growing worse. Wonder if the stars are setting.

The International Sanitary Conference, which sat in Washington recently recommends an organized internal service in each country represented, the weekly publication of mortality statistics, regular communication between the various agencies, the establishment of two central agencies at Havana and Vienna and the establishment of a scientific commission by the countries directly interested in protecting themselves against yellow fever.

The New York Sun notes the decay of Puritanism in Massachusetts. "The descendants of the Puritans are decreasing in proportion to the total population." The Roman Church and Episcopal Church have advanced more rapidly within the last twenty-five years than the Congregationalists. Boston has become a stronghold of both Catholicism and Episcopalianism. Throughout the State the churches of these two faiths are exhibiting remarkable prosperity.

The Hickman COURIER insists that candidates for the Legislature desist from the discussion of the tariff, currency and other national topics, and turn their attention to such matters as more materially affect home interest, such as the best systems of road improvement. Right, Col. Warren, there is eloquence as well as poetry in good roads, and if the average candidate wishes to make a display of his eloquence powers before his admiring constituency, we know of no better topic than country roads. Besides all this, it is not so dry a question as is the tariff or the currency.—Triggy County Democrat.

HENRY F. KNAPE, a noted civil engineer of New York, recently addressed the Pittsburghers on river and harbor engineering. He maintains that Eads is really closing up the mouth of the Mississippi river, "inasmuch as for the few feet of increased depth he has got he has had to contract the capacity of the entire mouth thousands of square yards, thereby backing the water up throughout the entire valley and causing bars and shoals to form throughout the entire system of rivers drained through the delta; and this increased damming up has to be continually carried on to a greater extent in order to even maintain the temporary depth through the South."

The Louisville Democrat says: The census demonstrates that there is an excess of nearly one million males over females in the population of the United States. This appertains not alone to adults, but also to the infants of the two sexes. So it is an anomaly that is likely to exist for generations and be the source of a deal of misery, crime and pauperism. This "corner" in women is the meanest of all American "corners." Why talk about the ballot for women when this greater question of equal representation in the proportion of the race remains to be solved? The man or the woman who will come forward with an infallible receipt for baby babies can make a fortune. There's millions in it.

MINNESOTA AND TENNESSEE.
It is a Minnesota paper, the St. Paul Press, which marks a contrast and points a moral:

"Morification mingles with the satisfaction with which Minnesota contemplates the final action of her sister State. Sitting proudly in the seat of Empire of the great Northwest, with wealth and population increasing at a ratio before unequalled, she sees this State, to which men of the North are accustomed to refer as a part of the repudiating South, step out from those dismoured ranks, smit the applause of all civilized and honest people, while she is haggling with her creditors about the settlement of debts no more questionable than those, and contemplating the possibility of evading the payment even of a moiety by a legal quibble. Is it too much to hope that, by the light of her sister's triumph she may finally be enabled to stand her own disgrace? Where honor fails to influence, a sense of shame is sometimes more effectual. The victory of honesty in Tennessee will indeed be worthy of remembrance, if it should be the preface to our own complete deliverance."

A Good-Size Check.
One of the largest checks ever drawn on an individual account was passed through the m-s-s a day or two ago, and was honored by the Fourth National Bank, of New York City, the institution on which it was drawn. A singular feature connected with the transaction, was the fact that, although the amount called for was the equivalent sum of \$2,400,000, the order for its payment was on a piece of letter paper. The paper read as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, April 11, 1881.
Fourth National Bank of the City of New York, pay to the order of Thomas A. Scott, two million four hundred thousand dollars (\$2,400,000).

JAY GOULD.

This amount, it is understood, was the payment in full of the purchase by Mr. Gould of all the right, title and interest Thomas A. Scott had in the Texas Pacific Railroad Company, and of which corporation Mr. Gould recently was elected President.

The Lumber Trouble.

A Chicago correspondent of the Courier Journal presents some startling facts in relation to our timber interests. It will be well for Kentucky to consider this matter seriously. The following is an extract from that paper:

The unpleasant truth is coming to the surface gradually that the time will surely come, and that at no distant day, when the lumber supply of the country will be so meager as to cause the greatest apprehension for the future. A discussion of these subjects has demonstrated the fact that the increased demand in the production of lumber during the past twenty years has been at the enormous rate of fifty per cent. for every five years. Should this continue, our pine forests must suffer until annihilation during the next twenty years.

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